

Le Rire

A Humorous newspaper published once a week at Paris, 10, rue Saint-Joseph

WILLIAM THE SECOND'S FORTNIGHT IN

TURKEY, PALESTINE, JERUSALEM, AND THE HOLY LAND

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE EXIGENCIES
OF THE ITINERARY, ONLY ONE
PERFORMANCE WILL BE GIVEN IN EACH
LOCALITY

SOLDIERS
HALF PRICE

FOR FURTHER
PARTICULARS
APPLY TO
THE
VEBER'S



IMPRESSIONS OF A TOUR



THE DEPARTURE
(Uniform of Chief Guard.)

LE RIRE¹ presents its readers with the impressions of a tour in the Near East made by the Emperor William II; these impressions were written by the August Traveller himself, and this is how we were able to procure them: every night the Emperor writes down an account of how he has passed his day, in a little pocket-book that never leaves him. On going to bed William II places this pocket-book under his pillow; on rising, he places it (the pocket-book not the pillow, of course) in the left hand pocket of his coat. It was important to obtain this pocket-book, full of autographic notes and drawings, at any price; we succeeded.

On Wednesday, just as the Emperor had gone to sleep, a man in our employ stole the pocket-book and brought it us. In less time than it takes to say so, we photographed the unpublished pages which we give below; and a few minutes later, the secret record was replaced beneath the slumbering Monarch's head. Observe how simple it is! Only one had to think of it!

There is no doubt that we have performed the smartest piece of reporting that has been done for some time.

We join to His Majesty's Secret Notes a grand composition which he drew and presented to the Sultan as well as to the other Sovereigns of Europe. Also the Triumphal March which He wrote for His Entry into Jerusalem.

◆◆◆◆◆

15th October.—I've always liked travelling; you may well be Emperor, travel teaches you many a little thing you ignored. The East above all attracted me, and I hoped to lead a pacific crusade there. Most Sovereigns of importance have made their tour in Asia Minor.

It's not that I profess any great sympathy for Syrian Christians; I hold them, if I may so say, in *pale esteem*. But the mission I have received from the King of

Kings was bound to bring me to the banks of the Jordan; and then, Pierre Loti assures one they should be seen; and I have confidence in Pierre Loti, who was a military man, or at all events a sailor.

Only, I'm not accustomed to travelling! It involves such a lot of tiresome preparations; you must look up time tables, you never find the connecting links! You have to engage rooms at hotels, commissioners, carriages, camels; too many complications. I should have given it up had I not received the visit of Mr. John M. Cook, the head of the enterprising firm of Messrs Thomas Cook and Son, the Tourist Agents, quite a gentleman, a man who knows how to travel, like all Englishmen for that matter!

Then, it came about that Mr. Cook asked for an audience and said:

"Sire, I understand Your Majesty is embarrassed?"

"Sir! I exclaimed haughtily, the Emperor of Germany is never embarrassed. Continue all the same!"

"You wish to go to Palestine?"

"Certainly!"

"And you don't know how to do it?"

"That is the fact!"

"Well, I, John M. Cook, head of the firm of Thomas Cook and Son, I'll take you there — and for *nothing*!"

"Anyone but myself would have indignantly repelled such an offer. I merely answered with a smile.

"Mr. Cook, what do you take for your cough?"

"But — do you mean to say you refuse?"

"Rather! I'm old enough; you don't best me at my age! You mean arranging cheap tours, and you'll bring along thousands of tourists in my wake. That'll give you a handsome profit at the end of the trip. Let's go shares."

"But, Sire, I assure you I'm losing money."

"Let's share, Mr. Cook, if not I'll have nothing to do with it, I've nickelled spurs: half the sum at the start, the other half at Jerusalem. Is it understood?"

"Very good!"

"And free passes for all my suite. In a word you undertake everything!"

Mr. Cook accepted: a few days later, he issued prospectuses that were fairly well drawn up. Therein, stress was laid on my Divine Mission, and on the mystic nature of the tour which led me to the most celebrated spots in Palestine. The conclusion ran as follows:

"Each day, H. M. William II will appear in a *different and entirely new costume*. The accessories, scenery, etc., will also be renewed for each occasion. After each performance Tourists will be admitted to the camp of the August Traveller and his suite."

I found they had piled it on somewhat.



AT VENICE
(Uniform of Hauptmann of Gondoliers.)



Stop thief! He's got my turkey!

(Cockney, London.)



The *Caglione*, of Turin, depicts the new Muezzin, the Emperor William, who shouts: "Allah is great, and William II is his prophet!"

The *Cockney*, of London, displays the Queen threatening with her fist a German, who is running off with a turkey, whilst she shouts at the top of her voice: "Stop thief! He's got my Turkey!"

The *Schapskopf*, of Vienna, shows the microbe of the most recent form of Oriental plague: militarism, Krupp guns and projectiles.

The *Yankee Doodle*, of New-York, expresses the astonishment of Uncle Sam at the sight of the new Comet eclipsing the Crescent.

The *Puñeta*, of Madrid, gives a view of a Corner of the Emperor's kitchen garden, where various vegetables grow beneath hand-glasses shaped in the form of pointed Prussian helmets.

Altogether the Emperor has not what is called a good press.



The Eclipse. (The Yankee Doodle, New-York.)



we
I
anchor

20th C

Yes to Russ.

You silly! Why you've let this Muezzin get in!
(Caglione, Turin.)



Emperor William's kitchen-garden.
(Puñeta, Madrid.)



THE MAN-ORCHESTRA THE EUROPEAN CONCERT



IN THE ARMS OF UMBERTO

17th October. — I've packed my trunks; I'm ready.

18th October. — This morning a clerk from the firm of Cook came to call me. I got up and dressed. Very simple costume of Controller in Chief of the Railways. They conduct-me to the train, which is the first of fifty trains that will leave to-day with my suite and the Tourists. I, myself, give the signal of departure by blowing the little regulation whistle. The train is set in motion. I climb up and install myself in the compartment for SOVEREIGNS ONLY (running longways).

I take this pocket-book to jot down my impressions.

What do I experience?

Nothing.

19th October. — Arrived at Venice. My cousin Humbert (Umberto) made a point of welcoming me. He is a good fellow who does what he can; but he cannot do much. I am not unaware that he is rather hard up, and I shall not prolong my stay at Venice.

Besides it is a town ill-conceived. There is water everywhere; nothing is more unhealthy and then it is very much out of fashion.

They took me about in a gondola. I had the precaution to dress up in the uniform of Captain of Gondoliers so as not to attract attention. I noticed there were not many soldiers in the streets; they showed me no barracks. On the other hand there are a vast number of churches. Living is not good.

Confectionery, however, is better.

In the evening illuminations; lanterns in profusion, Venetian naturally. More gondolas. These people are a nuisance with their perpetual boating parties. Besides, how can you mobilise that sort of craft in wartime?

Then, there's the music. Mandolines as numerous as if they were raining down from above. And along with this fireworks; just as if they would not do much better to keep their powder instead of casting it to the winds!

I slept badly in the train. I am tired. I should like to return to the *Hohenzollern* which swings at anchor in view of Venice. But I shall have to wait till all is over. There is nothing more to be seen? No? Good night.

Umberto embraces me; I return his hug; and there's enough of it for some years. They won't catch me here again in a hurry.

I regain the *Hohenzollern* and they heave anchor.

20th October. — At sea, on board the — yes, I've already said that!

What do I experience?

Still nothing.

This absence of impressions begins to make me feel anxious.

21st. October. — I'm not at my ease.

22nd. October. — Catch me navigating the Mediterranean again. I've been ill for the last two days. The day before yesterday the Captain informed me we were off Greece.

I did not land. That was not included in the itinerary.

Besides, I didn't know how I should be received.

Moreover, Mr. Cook affirms that there is nothing curious to be seen there: old temples toppling over, statues knocked to bits; and further, I'm in a hurry to get to Constantinople. The two transports of tourists follow us.

I quit my cabin and go on deck.

Water everywhere! the immensity! I collect my thoughts!

It is false that the Mediterranean is blue; like other seas it is dirty green.

23rd October. — We come in view of Asia, eternally Minor, and under the tutelage of Europe. The Captain points out to me in the distance, what the Turks call in their picturesque language the Lhan-din-Staghe.

Mr. Cook informs me that we are in the Golden Horn. The Horn's there right enough, but where's the Gold?

There was nothing in the aspect of the Dardanelles to excite curiosity. I can't understand why Western Diplomats get so flurried over them.

Considered from a distance, the City of Constantinople presents the very interesting aspect of a vegetable plant. The roofs are quaintly conformed; there are round ones, oblong ones, bulbiform ones, ovoid ones, pear-shaped ones, pointed ones.

Constantinople! Everyone lands! A boat takes me ashore. I cut a good figure in my uniform of Swiss Naval Lieutenant. I spring lightly on to the quay.

A personage advances towards me:

"His Majesty William II perhaps?"

"Himself. To whom have I the honour...?"

"I am the Sultan of this place: Abdul-Hamid!"

"Ah! indeed!"

And it was with this dialogue that our intimacy commenced.

The Sultan is a man of middle age, who bears a strong resemblance to Naquet, the father of the Law on Divorce in France. He is not as handsome, as handsome can be; but he is gifted with very gentle manners and is a capital fellow.

Besides, it seems he is very much liked, according to what they say up at Ildiz. Only, as a measure of precaution, he goes abroad but rarely, and lives very much shut up.

The Sultan was dressed in an ordinary frock coat, an ordinary pair of trousers and a fez. He wore round his collar the cravat of Commander of the True Believers. You can form no idea of this man's simplicity without knowing him. He said to me:

"My dear William, it's without ceremony; you are at home here! Nothing has been specially prepared for you. Now, if you wish, you shall be shown your room!"

"Willingly!"

They show me the way to a Palace arranged for my occupation! I have never seen anything so repugnant; that is to say that the Spa-



AT THE GATE OF SAINT-SOPHIA



..... LOHENGRIN RECEIVING THE PROPHET'S KISS.

(Original drawing by the Emperor.)

nish inns are the height of comfort beside what was offered me. The bed linen had not been changed for six months; spiders were Britannically spinning their webs in the angles of the rooms. From the ceiling fell great lumps of plaster, and the floor gave way in places.

Of course I'm accustomed to the rough life of camps. How often in my Palace at Berlin have I fallen asleep dressed just as I was on my bed! I was not brought up in cotton wool, not a bit of it. But really I shrunk back at the horror of this habitation.

"Heh! what do you think of it? I'm spoiling you!"

"Yes, it's too beautiful for me!"

"No matter; I give you the best I have. I am not close fisted!"

"My modesty compels me to refuse: I shall sleep at the Embassy; I prefer that."

"As you please!"

At the Embassy they arranged to give me a room; it was not luxurious, but it was clean. I changed my clothes, and it was in the costume of Captain of Horse Marines that I passed the Naval Review commanded in my honour.

The Turkish iron-clad fleet is in a splendid state of preservation. Profiting by the example of European fleets, the Sultan does not risk his vessels outside the Port, so that he has no occasion to dread

badly in that respect throughout the journey. I am placed next to my host; this man has no conversational powers, he knows nothing about the Art of War, and takes no interest in military matters. Under such conditions the talk forcibly flags. What can one do at night?

Midnight. — The Sultan had reserved me a pleasant surprise; as soon as the last mouthful was swallowed he said to me:

"Guess what we are going to do now?"

"Oh! I know. They are going to let off fireworks!"

"No!"

"Or, I'll bet the band's about to play."

"No!"

"Then there will be a gala performance."

"No, not that either. Listen, they told me you were a great sportsman."

"And they told you true."

"Well look here, we are going to pick off a few Armenians in ambush; I have not many left, but I have reserved some of the few remaining for you. It's a very amusing sport you know. We are now waiting until the beaters have raised the game. As soon as ever it starts running, we fire."



THE GUARD OF HONOUR

those accidents which too frequently transform armour-plated ships into sub-marine ships. This Turk has besides, a don't-care-a-rap-about-anything air which is quite Oriental, and assists him in the performance of his delicate task of Sovereign.

Nevertheless, he is practical enough: and rather than keep warships to do nothing, he utilizes them as well as he can. Thus he has transformed the armour-plated vessel *Frightful* into *Floating iron-bottomed baths*, and during the hot weather he makes fairly good receipts. The first-class monitor *Sinister*, is a public wash-house where for a small fee, the ladies of the city can wash their dirty linen together; the *Terror*, the only one that has a steam engine, supplies the Palace with electric light: it is an ill wind that blows no one any good (1). The big ironclad *The Ravager* has been arranged into a Casino-Jetty-Promenade. Touring Companies visiting the city play operetta there, whilst the public play Baccara. As for the torpedo boats, they are let out by the day to persons with nothing to do who wish to go for a blow at sea.

The review of the Turkish squadron greatly interested me; a lot remains to be discovered in this order of ideas. When I asked the Sultan, about his other ironclad, *The Massacre*, he told me he had parted with it to the Salvation Army.

The dinner was not very good; I foresee that I'm going to fare

I have shot well nigh everywhere and have killed pretty well everything, but this was the first time I had been engaged in an Armenian Hunt which is the favourite sport of the country.

Abdul and I lay in ambush. The keepers had set at liberty about a hundred head of game, and driven them in our direction. At the end of an hour we ceased firing.

Spread out on the ground lay.

28 old men.

40 men.

14 women.

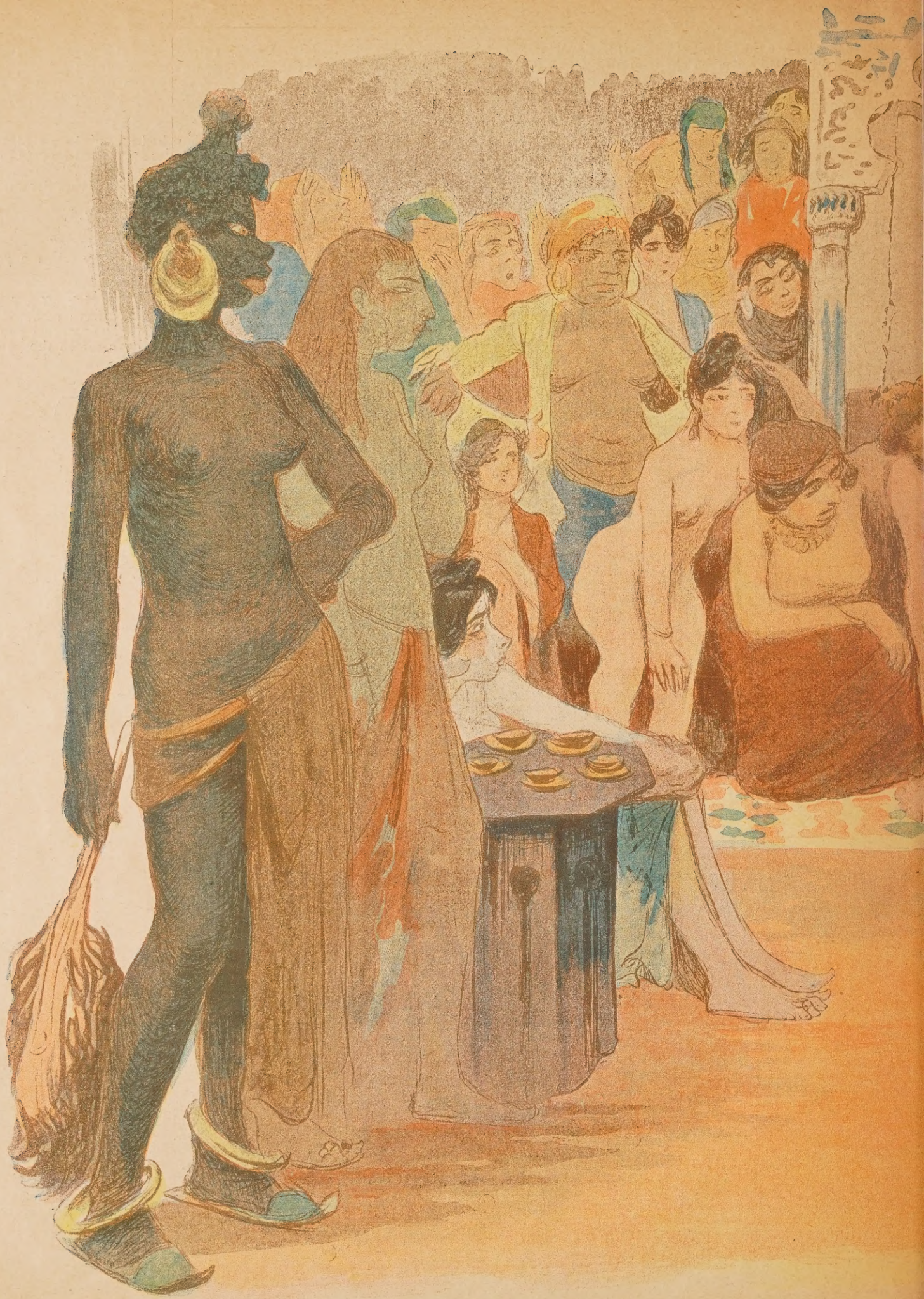
21 minors.

In all 100 head. Then came the forcelight curée which was very picturesque. It appears the game is becoming scarcer and scarcer. The Sultan confided to me with all the bitterness of an old sportsman, who sees his favourite prey disappear, that it was hardly possible to find any more. For the ambush I had donned the costume of Sergeant of Tyrolian Sharpshooters.

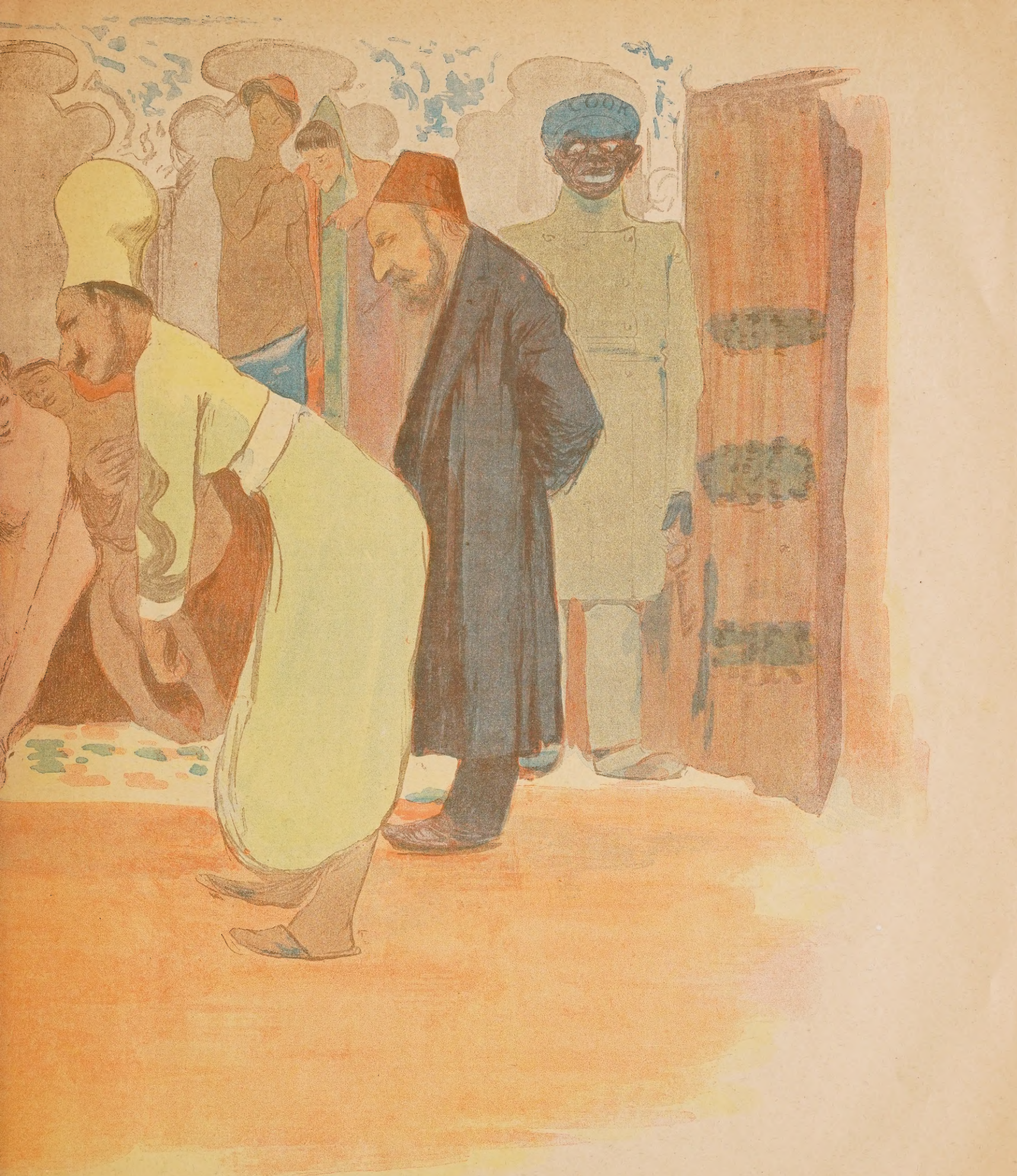
At supper Abdul and I conversed more familiarly. We brought up several questions of internal politics. Then we talked shop. I maintained that the best method to make oneself beloved of a people, was to amuse them with military parades and military music. The Sultan did not share this opinion. He has discovered an excellent way to be respected and cherished. He never goes out.

"I live in my Kiosk", said he, "not out of timidity but because I dislike crowds; my tastes are simple. And then there is an Arab proverb which says. 'Allow no one to eat in your hand lest he

(1) This philosophic reflection is, however, devoid of common sense. Note by the Emperor.



THE VISIT TO
(Uniform of Lieutenant)



THE HAREM

(Panel of Eunuchs.)

should eat your hand!' And another. 'Do not caress dogs lest they should think themselves your equal'."

And then he explained to me the important part that hemp and toxicological substances play in Ottoman dynasties.

I find the trade of Emperor barely gay enough as it is, without endeavouring to make it worse by distrust; one might just as well resign at once.

At desert, enlivened a bit by the meal taken at my hotel, I remarked:

"Let's go and see the ladies."

He answered that they were gone to bed and promised to show me them to-morrow. It was annoying particularly as I felt myself in an amiable vein. However!

I write out these notes and retire for the night.

24th October. — Just as I open my eyes, the Sultan sends me the brevet of Corporal in the Turkish infantry. I had brought the uniform on the off chance, and put it on. Abdul informs me that there is to be a review in my honour. I shall at last have some amusement!

4 o'clock. — Am back from the Review and dissatisfied. Those fellows manœuvre like clowns.

They commence by introducing the Generals of the Turkish Army to me: Schleifmann Pacha, Von der Wurst Pacha. Hans Brauwer Effendi, Sidi Kobus Bey, Toumeh Pacha, etc. These officers speak the Prussian language without accent, and fairly purely.

The march past commences. I notice, first of all, that the uniform

of each regiment is not uniform. Thus some men in the same company have European trousers, others trousers cut Turkish fashion, others no trousers at all. I don't mind giving a little latitude to fancy, but not up to that point.

The same variety exists in the head gear; whoever likes to don a helmet does so. Whoever preps the fez, puts on the fez. There are some even who wear cycling caps, which assuredly are not in accordance with the regulations.

Nor are the arms more homogeneous; rifles of all models are to be found in the hands of Ottoman soldiers. I ask the Sultan whether this was not premeditated, so as to have different sorts of experiences in war time. He answers me that the state of his finances does not permit of arming the men in any other way. From the moment the thing was not premeditated, it ceases to interest one.

The troops individually give proof of much initiative, for each soldier marches at the pace that suits him. As a result, there is a slight disorder on parade. I will sum up the Turkish army in five words? It is wanting in organization. Abdul Ahmed assures me that it's better so.

"You see", adds he, "that I've an excellent plan for making those chaps fight well. I don't pay them. They must, therefore, conquer at any cost."

This remark set me pondering. Perhaps the Sultan, after all, is right: "If you have the strength of the lion to defend your own property, you have the might of the tiger to annex the belongings of your neighbour!" says an old proverb, which I venture to father on the Persians.

This evening there is a quiet little dinner at Ildiz-Kiosk. We shall have to eat some more of their beastly confectionery perfumed with Atta of Roses. It makes me feel quite sick beforehand.

Midnight. — Ah! Ah! — I have just come from — But let me not anticipate.

Well we dined. Naquet — I mean Abdul Hamid, has the uncleanly habit of making one of his officers taste each dish. In answer to my inquiry, he tells me he takes this precaution so as not to be poisoned. Such trifles as this, cut off your appetite like a razor, and I mentally determined to order supper as soon as ever I got home.

At desert, whilst everyone was in a lively mood, Abdul said:

"Come — acknowledge it!"

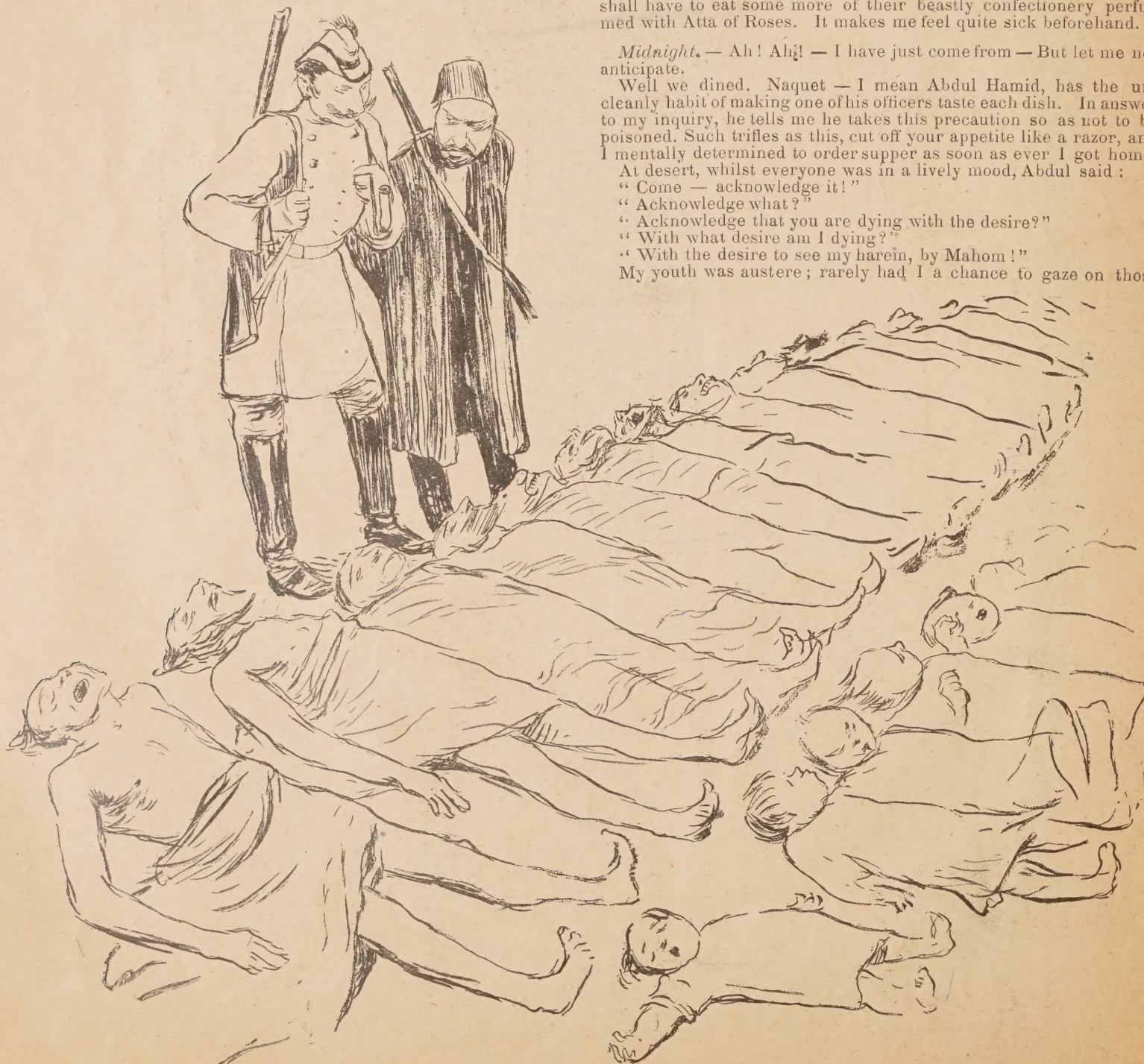
"Acknowledge what?"

"Acknowledge that you are dying with the desire?"

"With what desire am I dying?"

"With the desire to see my harem, by Mahom!"

My youth was austere; rarely had I a chance to gaze on those



creatures, whose sole mission is to bring a little happiness to man, in exchange for a little cash. Mon gamy seems to me to be very much out of date, and I regret that I cannot replace it by a well-arranged polygamy. As a matter of fact, almost all men of superior position and mind are polygamists; at least clandestinely.

The Sultan's offer made my mouth water. It did not seem to me incompatible with my Divine Mission, for me to go and admire those works of the Almighty in their perfection. I therefore replied :

"Show the way, and I follow."

"No; we must first of all let the ladies know."

"On the contrary, let's take them by surprise."

"That's what I do not want."

I asked for a few minutes to change my dress, and returned attired as a Lieutenant-Colonel of His Majesty's Eunuchs, I preserved my-moustachios, however.

After some meandering through the Seraglio, we stopped before a little doorway guarded by black eunuchs. Black eunuchs are distinguished from white eunuchs, by the colour of their skin. They allowed us to pass. Abdul preceded me, opened the door, and I heard women's voices exclaiming: "Peh! Peh! It's the boss!"

"Come, let's have a little silence inside there. I'm bringing some friends", said the Sultan.

Then he added :

"Let them come up!"

When I entered in my turn, the ladies exclaimed

"Hulloa! A new one!"

"What a funny looking nut he's got!"

"Come along here!"

"Come along! we shalln't eat you!"

I was very, much embarrassed; added to my natural clumsiness, was an awkwardness occasioned by my ignorance of the place where I found myself.

The room was square, furnished with divans set against the four walls. Above the divans a profusion of glaces. On the cushions a number of ladies very lightly clad. There were some from all countries. I even noticed a negress. How marvellously refined these Orientals are!

He invited me to be seated on a divan, and presented all the ladies to me successively. There were three hundred of them. Not one more, nor one less. Evidently, if some were beautiful some were ugly; but the handsome ones were in majority. These ladies put on fat very rapidly, for they take little exercise, and what little they do take, is not of a nature to make them thin. For my part, I have no objection to plumpness in the gentler sex.

The names of these ladies are very elegant, and very poetic: Flora, Carmen, Mascotte, Julia, Sonia, Camelia, Leila, etc., etc. There are also names of birds among them, such as: Fauvette, Warbler. And names of flowers like Rose, Jasmine. It is an old Oriental custom to baptise every fresh arrival with some new name.

Once the introduction over, I thought it right to order a few bottles of champagne and treat these amiable little ladies. In return they crammed my pockets with cigarettes of blond tobacco and sweetmeats.

Then by the Master's order, several of these pets commenced a National Dance which was very curious, and even somewhat voluptuous. It consisted in making the navel undulate circularly by the aid of internal and abdominal muscular contractions. I had never seen anything like this before in my life. In the meantime other women sang songs, accompanying themselves on earthenware drums.



THE SULTAN MAKES HIM A LITTLE PRESENT

They call this the Belly Dance. Travel certainly teaches one many a thing.

In the end, the sight of the Entrails Dance acts on one's nervous system. I was in a state of comatose bliss, when one of these ladies who had not been dancing, approached me, and in a low whisper uttered words that I could not distinctly catch. From what I gathered she begged me to accompany her into her alcove, and vowed that I should not have cause to regret the visit.

I have never been backward in coming forward to pay my respects to the fair sex. I drew my handkerchief from my pocket and said to the Sultan :

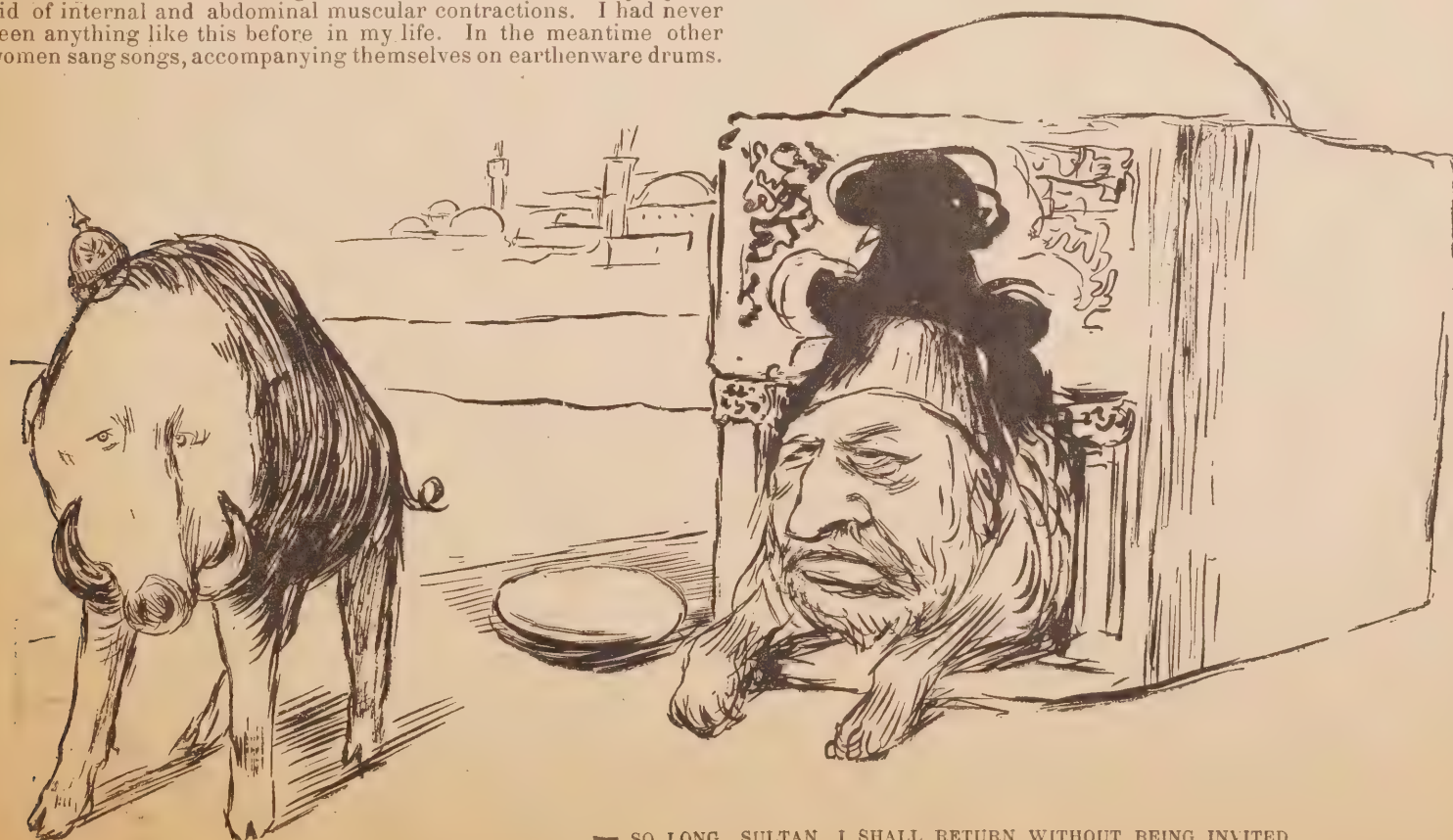
"Can one throw it?"

"Ah! Ah! my fine fellow!" said he, "Well no matter 'tis but natural at your age!"

Thereupon he ordered the ladies to quit the drawing-room. Then, he withdrew himself, and then —

[Here the Emperor interrupts his story. There is a half page where the writing has been carefully erased. One can distinguish hither and thither a few words such as "happiness", "delightful", "ecstasy", "chandelier", "present", but it is impossible to make out what these words allude to, and how to connect them. Experts whom we have consulted, differ in opinion. There is reason to believe that the Sultan's guest, feared to lose his pocket-book full of precise details of a venial fault. Let us not seek to perforate the wall of private life with a Judas window. The Emperor's account continues further on.]

25th October. — To thank my amiable friend, I send her the brevet and insignia of Captain of Pomeranian Grenadiers. Little presents consolidate friendship, and I never regret what I give. I was very pleased with my evening. Next morning, on opening my eyes,



à mon cousin Abdul
cordial souvenir de
Wilhelm II Kaiser

Wilhelm II Kaiser

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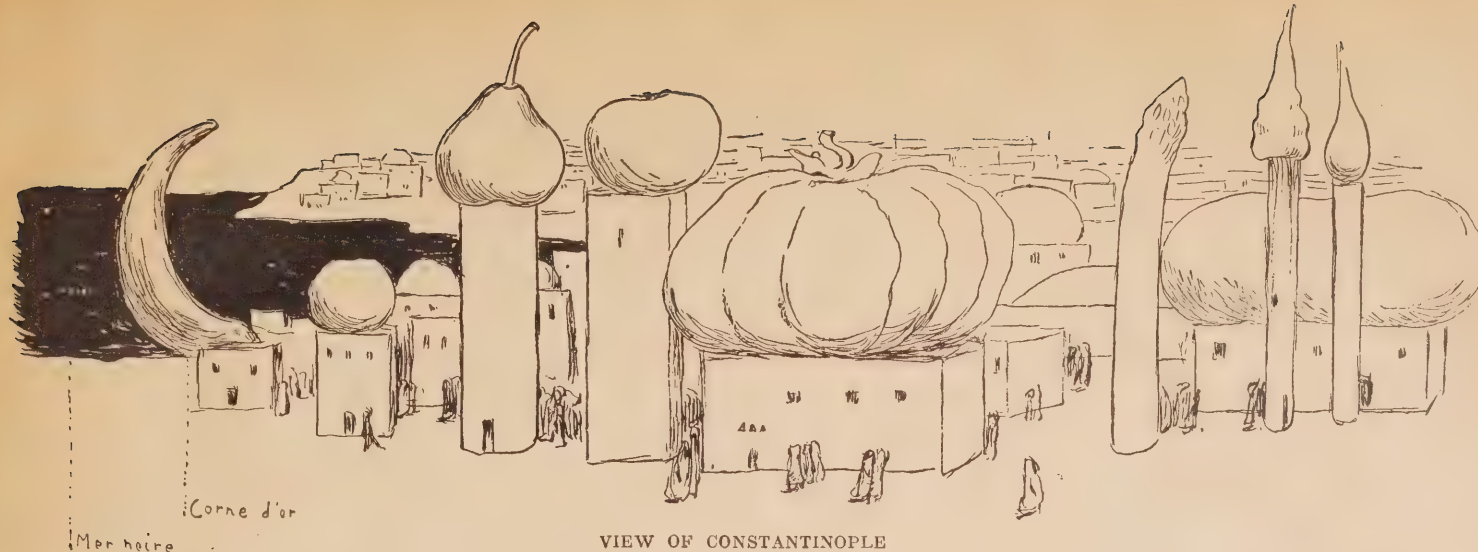
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Ped.

Original composition of the Emperor.



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE
(Original sketch by the Emperor.)

I feel a triple seedy, but bah! I shall have got rid of all that in an hour or two.

Abdul Hamid absolutely insists on my visiting his capital. It's the usual walk round with the landlord and I shall not escape it. They are all the same. They are determined to show me their monuments. I've quite as many at their service at home.

Here Mosques abound. This is very annoying because one has to take off one's boots and enter bare-footed. My host is kind enough to offer to help me. So I visit Saint Sophia, without boots. They trot me about everywhere. Then they authorize me to draw on my boots and leave.

We visit other curiosities in the city. I would prefer to return to the harem, but Abdul Hamid lends a deaf ear. I do not insist further.

26th October. — It's all over. We must leave. My Divine Mission requires it. I am the Messiah who has come to connect the chain of mystic traditions. Let's be serious. So I decide to resume my road towards Jerusalem. Mr. Cook is becoming impatient. Just as we are leaving, Abdul Hamid loads me with gifts. He presents me with objects whose commercial value is about nul butl, whose historical interest is unrivalled:

- A hair from the Prophet's beard.
- A stone from the Grand Mosque at Mecca.
- A bone of Mahomet's horse.
- A roasting-spit of Pontius Pilate.
- A pair of babouches.
- A pair of fezes.
- An old nargileh out of use, which comes from his uncle.
- Some Turkish Delight.
- Twelve tickets for the Hammam.
- A sabre of the National Guard.
- The star of the Osmanieh.

Finally at the very moment when we are going on board, he presents me with a little port on the coast. I thank him warmly. He says:

"Are you satisfied with your visit to the Porte?"

"I could not be more so."

"You have not been bored."

"Not for an instant."

"Then you will return?"

"Of course! Next time I'll come without being invited."

This promise did not seem to afford him enormous pleasure. I embraced the Sultan and got aboard my vessel. Forwards!

The same evening I landed at Kaiffa. Attention!

27th October. — The reception at Kaiffa was most cordial. The population of this district is not dense. I get into the trap. We leave for Cæsarea, and pass the night in the open air. One thing strikes me as curious, the more I advance, the more the object of this journey seems vague.

28th October. — From Cæsarea to Jaffa, still in a carriage. Few people to see us pass. This evening, as I noticed signs of demoralisation in my company, I arranged a theatrical evening. Open air Charades. I gave a lecture, not devoid of success. Subject: *Would the Messiah have succeeded more rapidly, had he had the Army with him?*

29th October. — From Jaffa to Latrun.

We approach. The journey is performed on horseback. This suits me better. The landscape shows no variation. I think of all the important events that have taken place in this region. I collect confused souvenirs. I am in the land of Sacred History. It is wanting in comfort. I quite understand why the Jews are not in a hurry to restore Jerusalem. This country is no good. Only, when one is Sovereign, it is absolutely necessary to have seen the Holy Land the Cradle of our Bankers.

To-morrow I shall enter Sion. Mr. Cook assures me that everything is ready for my reception. He, himself, watched over the preparations. I hand him a Military March that I composed on the road. It is very original. I found the principal themes between Kaiffa and Jaffa. I wish this march to be played by the band when I enter the city.

Mr. Cook at once tries it on his travelling accordeon. In his opinion it recalls, in a most striking way, the manner of the great composers. The Wagner of *Parsifal*, the Mendelssohn of the *Songe*, the Gounod of *Faust*, the Meyerbeer of the *Prophet*, and even the Strauss of the *Beautiful Danube*. This Englishman has very good taste, on my word!

I wake up during the night; I go to the edge of a well. I fail to meet any Samaritan there, which is a pity, and return to my tent, where I roughly sketch out the broad lines of a grand composition: *Lohengrin receiving Mahomet's Kiss*. I can candidly say I have never drawn anything better.

My ambition is not to be an universal man; but I think a Sovereign should be clever with his hands. Louis XVI was only a locksmith, and that was his ruin. I embrace everything!

All the same, it's a pity there was no Samaritan there. Mr. Cook might have thought of that!

30th October, midnight. — I returned home, doubled up with fatigue!

What a memorable day!

We came in sight of Jerusalem at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I at once quitted my horse, and ordered up an ass. I meant to make my entry in the way He did!

I might have put on a white tunic; but then my journey would have lost all significance. It's with the helmet on my brow, that I shall penetrate into the city of Judah!

The procession is forming. I, first of all, at the head; then the band; then Mr. Cook; then my suite; and, finally, the Tourists.

On the road the people wave great palm leaves and throw flowers. First of all my donkey refuses to advance; this animal does not seem to understand the part he is playing; he does the utmost he can to avoid enjoying the honour of carrying me. Happily I am a good horseman. When we reach the Jaffa Gate, the band strikes up, and the affrighted beast takes the bit between his teeth. This almost spoils my entry.

No one will ever know what my self esteem, as Stage Manager, suffered, during the few minutes gallop of that ass! I manage to master the brute, who after a while, becomes accustomed to the big drum. I listen to my music. Really, it is not bad. It is music with melody, and none of their wretched modern music learned and boring. You can walk to it. The ass himself beats time.

The ceremony is so imposing that a child in amazement exclaims:

"Hourah! There's a circus!"

This innocent testimony of admiration went straight to my heart.

We advanced slowly, banners unfurled in the sun. I was very hot. The exclamations never ceased. It was evident that there were not many spectators apart from the tourists of the Agency. Jerusalem is not a densely populated city. Although one meets with few Israelites, anti-semitism is practically unknown. The high society welcomed me with enthusiasm.

In the midst of the ceremony I put foot to earth, because the ass, very thoughtfully, let me know that he intended to have a roll, and as I was aware that no consideration either political or religious, would prevent him, I preferred to get off.

I visited the Holy Sepulchre. This is part of the classic itinerary. The importance of these places is a good deal exaggerated. Nevertheless, the visit of a Sovereign to a tomb, produces a great impression. I return home, band leading, to the house retained for me. In the evening illuminations.

The arrangements for my comfort are imperfect. The food is middling, and, even, indifferent. At heart I begin to regret my own home. What on earth have I come here for?

31st October. — I had given notice of an excursion to Bethlehem, followed by a sermon in my own peculiar style. I do not know whether there was a mistake, but no one followed me.

It was at Bethlehem that the custom originated of putting one's shoes in the chimney on Christmas Eve. This is all the more strange, as it so happens that here, there are no chimnies, and hardly any shoes.

I ask to be shown the famous cowhouse. They show it me. That is to say they conduct me to the nearest cowhouse. For want of a Conservator the original building has disappeared. Always the same repetition: a need of organisation!

On my return, I was absolutely alone. I had prepared a touching address, and was reduced to the necessity of delivering it in the desert. John preaching in the Wilderness! Eh! Well! no matter. I am not the first to whom the same thing has occurred. I therefore pronounce *The Sermon on the Plain*.

I have a ready tongue. I do not strike, I touch my hearers to the heart.

I had the inestimable joy of converting my own self, after having moved myself to tears. This conversion does me honour.

I put on, for the occasion, the black frock coat of a Dissenting Parson.

The heat is most oppressive!

1st November. — I have consecrated a Temple after having designed the edifice myself. For I am also architect. I said to the people of this locality:

"Destroy the Temple, I will build it up for you again in three days!"

They fancied I was speaking in a figurative sense. I am rather clever in the art of Mr. Street. Besides, it is not necessary to be conjuror to understaud architecture! One has only to draw lines. Had I but time and money, I would pass my life building.

The heat is intolerable. Unable to bear it any longer, I decide on taking a bath in the Jordan. I was in bathing costume — no, I was simply in bathing drawers. The water was delicious. I went down the Jordan swimming. I did not go so far as the Dead Sea. Away with sad thoughts.

Whoever set eyes on such stupid people as these! They have a sea and they let it die.

The bath picked me up. I tried to walk on the waters. It is very difficult. I don't know the trick. I must try again this winter at Berlin, when the frost has set in. I'll think it over.

At Jericho Mr. Cook arranged an incident which I hope will cause lively sensation. As I was regaining my abode, I was accosted, on the public square, by a lame person enveloped in dirty bandages.

"Charity, my Prince!" said he.

"I have no small change", I answered.

"I am sick."

"Ah! I possess some medical knowledge. I will attend you—Where do you feel pain?"

"I have leprosy."

I almost started back. Fortunately Mr. Cook nudged me with his elbow. I understood.

"Man what do you want, then?"

"Touch but my sores and I shall be healed."

"Let it be as you wish."

I touched his sores. The man arose, and having risen, appeared as healthy as a new born babe. I healed in the same way a man who had naught, but a torso; and also a one armed man.

The Tourists were thunderstruck.

From that moment I was assieged by a multitude of sick persons, who wished to force me to touch their sores, an event which Mr. Cook had not foreseen. I managed to make myself scarce.

The meals are not very substantial! Ah! It is not as at Cainan! Alas!

I should like to shorten my journey. I have seen enough.

Mr. Cook, to whom I say a few words on the subject, is opposed to the idea. According to our contract I am not at liberty before the 16th November at Alexandria! Up to that time I am his thing, his nigger. He tells me that the Tourists are delighted, and that they would become ferocious, were I to refuse to act up to my undertaking. He pulls out of his coat tail pockets, a broadside, which he has just had printed:

NOTICE

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II

WILL SHORTLY MAKE

HIS ASCENSION



RESURRECTION OF A LEPER
(Uniform of Surgeon Major in the Salvation Army.)



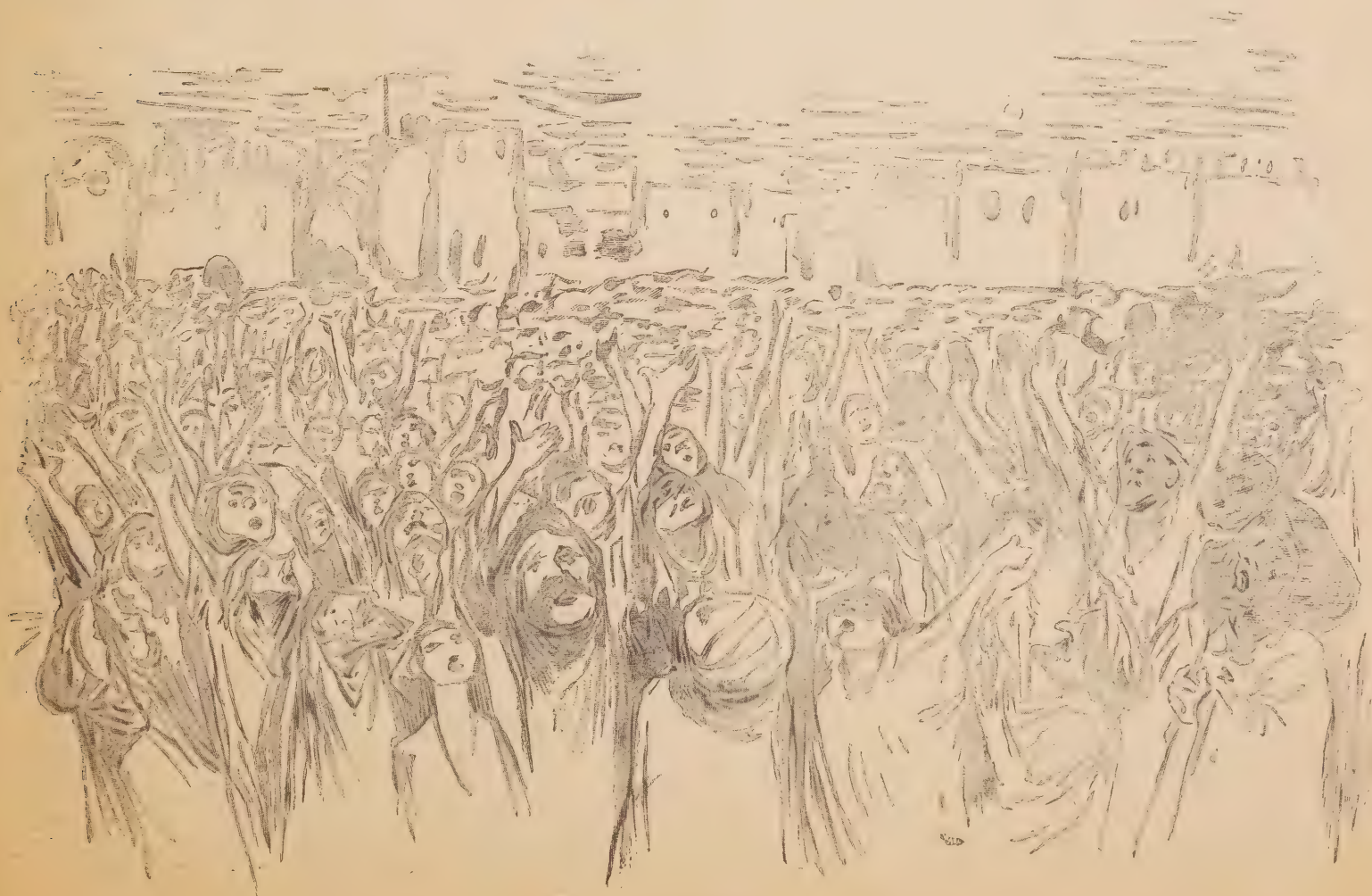
" And how am I to do that? "

" In a balloon, of course. We have one along with the baggage. They are filling it at this moment. "

" I will not lend myself to that sort of thing! "

" Get along with you! Is it possible that your Majesty is not an aeronaut? "

Mr. Cook knows how to take me on my weak side. After all, why should I not be an aeronaut? *Quo non ascendam?* To what heights shall I not ascend?









REVIEW AT A MONASTERY
(Uniform of Superior of the Carmelite Monks.)

2nd November. — I had to do as Mr. Cook wished. All Jericho was plastered with bills bearing the following announcement :

**THIS DAY
THE NEW MESSIAH
WILL MAKE AN ASCENSION
IN THE BALLOON CALLED**

“ The Never-to-be-forgotten-Grandfather ”

Departure at 3 o'clock precisely

Since the accident to the ramparts which were brought down by the blare of trumpets, military bands have been forbidden both in the town and its vicinity! Mr. Cook was therefore obliged to impose silence on his musicians.

At 3 o'clock I got into the car and then — let go!

I rose majestically, amidst the acclamations of the multitude.

At sunset the *Never-to-be-forgotten-Grandfather* set me down in the vicinity of Jerusalem. I now understand how to manœuvre a balloon. O Nadar! It's as easy as A. B. C.

3rd November. — I have been absent from home a fortnight, and have had no news. What is going on there? — I am beset with anxiety. This evening I must have a decisive interview with Mr. Cook.

I commence the day by visiting the monastery of Marsabat.

A monastery is a sort of monks barracks.

The monks of Marsabat exercise the same functions as other monks in other countries. They do nothing but pray from morning to night. They have different prayers for every hour of the day.

They are well built men, who would make a fine regiment. I

inspect them, and for the occasion dress myself in the uniform of Superior of the Carmelite Monks.

They manœuvre before me. I ask them to chaunt the Hymn to *Ægira*. They acquit themselves of it very well. Then they march past. I lunch at their table.

People are wrong to talk so much about the monachal ordinary. It consists merely of vegetables cooked in water.

At desert I open my mouth and explain to the monks how they should serve the Lord. I have my own ideas about religion. I then broadly sketch out my Divine Mission. They listen to me in the utmost silence.

When I have finished, the Superior advises me to renounce this world and give myself up to predication. Why not? My predecessor Charles V entered a monastery towards the end of his life. I promise the Superior to return in forty years. Between now and then — !

As I regain my head-quarters, I cross a number of journalists. Those creatures are everywhere. They are hanging on to my coat-tails everlastingly, and I can't make three steps without being photographed, cinematographed in every position. If they were to write history correctly I should not mind so much! But they don't. They take pleasure in being ill-disposed. I have a good mind to teach them their business.

For I am a bit of a journalist myself. As the *Cologne Gazette* wanted a correspondent in Palestine, I arranged secretly with the manager, and each evening I send a detailed letter about my sayings and doings during the day:

“ The Emperor was received at Jericho by the acclamations of an enthusiastic crowd, etc., etc. ”

Sometimes I criticise myself a little, but respectfully; and curiously enough I bear my strictures in mind!

The heat is insupportable. It's like roasting before a slow fire. I can no longer bear it. I send for Mr Cook and say to him:

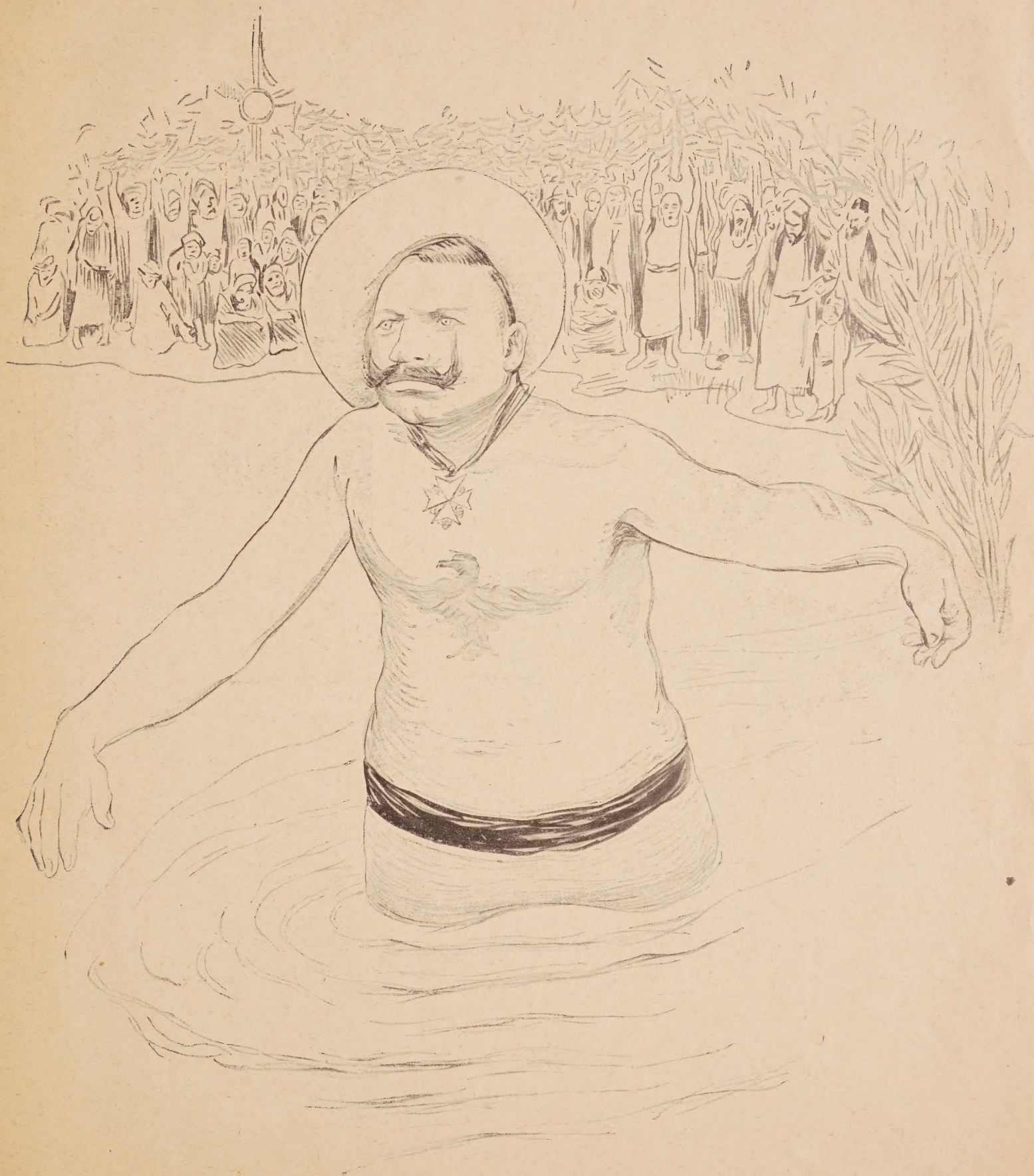
“ My dear Sir, I have a serious communication to make to you. ”

“ A change in the itinerary, I bet! ”

“ Exactly! ”

“ You wish to remain longer in Egypt. ”

“ On the contrary I want to go back. I've had enough of it. ”



THE COLD BATH IN THE JORDAN
(Uniform of a Prize Diver.)



PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS
(Uniform of a Dissenting Minister.)